LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

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LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1848.

Glances at Thomaston.

A writer in the Portland Transcript under the caption of "Odd Leaves from my Portfolio—by a Journalist," gives the following description of sights and scenes in Thomaston and vicinity, which we publish for the benefit of those interested—at the same time taking liberty to correct several errors which the Transcript made:

THOMASTON is rendered pleasant from the sightly view it furnishes of the innumerable little Islands which cluster Penobscot Bay; and being environed by the most captivating and picturesque scenery of which New England can boast,—it is rendered a delightful retreat for those who,—for a time,—have become weary of the noise and bustle and turmoil of the city, and wish

"To seek the fields, and feel the air
The green leaves of the forest bear;
And listen to the vesper song
Of the glad birds, the boughs among.'

The bold waters which lay stretched out before us, look inviting, and yield ample gratification to the lovers of a sailing or fishing excursion; the little green Islands—contrasting with the high gray promontories—which thickly besprinkle the bay as far as the vision can extend, present a fruitful theme to the unwearied eye; while the mountains and woods in the rear, open a "rich field" for the sportsman's rifle!

The FOURTH OF JULY—the gala day of America—a day which causes the heart of every NATIVE BORN to beat light and free with an elevated enthusiasm—one held in sacred remembrance as the period from which is dated the birth of our Republic—the aniversary of that glorious day on which the feeble spark of LIBERTY, engendered by the Puritans, was fanned to A LIVING FLAME! (may it continue to burn, undimmed, upon the altar of our hearts, as long as time endures—serving as a guiding star to the benighted sons of the 'Old World,' to conduct them to a haven of LIBERTY!)—The Fourth of July, we say, (or intended to say,)is a day which every individual is priviliged to pass as seems to him most agreeable and INDEPENDENT—always governed in a great measure, by his temperament, or the "length of his purse!" Therefore, procuring a convenient carriage, and engaging an agreeable company, we started off on an overland excursion. Away we went at less than Railroad speed, over green meadows and through shady vales,—passed near farm houses and through dense forests! Now darting over high hills, from which may be overlooked the beautiful, captivating scenery around,—then passing through a dark deep dell, overshadowed by gigantic trees, and perfumed with the breath of wild flowers;—now threading our way along the narrow mountain-track, from whence are seen the distant hills sides and valleys dotted over with innumerable little white cottages, glistening in the sunlight; stretched far above us, almost towering to the skies, is the deep green foliage of the mountain forest, looking for all the world like a huge cloud of verdure, threatening every moment to overwhelm us—while far below, the green meadows wave and twinkle and flitter like a phantom; what a sensation of giddiness it gives, as we look piercingly up, and then glance down—down to the bottom of the steep, while every revolution of the carriage wheels seems to threaten us with an uncomfortable transition down the deep precipice! Then quickly the scene changes—we are no longer threading the mountain path, but ride along by the margin of a calm, placid inland sea, as it were; the giddy anxiety of the previous moment is now lost amid the serenity of the scene spread out before us; the busy world is completely shut out from our view; the sun faintly steals through the thick foliage, shedding a sombre hue around, while the sweet melody of birds alone break the deep silence which pervades the spot; the eye, the ear, the sense, all—all drink deep from the moment! But we are not left long to these reflections; dashing up a rocky pass, we suddenly emerge from our quietude into the bright sunlight, and the whole surrounding country with its varied forest, innumerable hills, expansive waters, are all laid open to our view!

But enough,—such is the diversity of our scenery—such the varied scenes presented to the eye,—and such the reflections called up in the mind, from a short ride through the 'suburbs' of "Down East!' What country can boast of more?

Among other attractions in Thomaston, which arrest the attention of the stranger, is the famous "Knox Estate," for many years the residence of Gen. Knox, whose name is revered with the history of the Revolution! It is truly a romantic Establishment; and in years gone by must have been a delightful retreat; but like all other "things of old," it is fast going to decay! The "ground" enclosed contains several acres, near the centre of which sets the time honored mansion, towering far above the trees,—

"A vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,"

and strongly reminding one of those old 'Castles" of which we read. It sits on a little mound, and a flight of steps lead to a piazza, from which is the main entrance; on the southern side, facing the water, is a large "wing," opening through an arbor to the garden,—or what was 'once' a garden, for it now presents but a sad vestage of its former grandeur! The main building is three stories high, surmounted by a large balcony, which overlooks the country for a great distance;—the whole building has been much altered and "modernized since the departure of General Knox. The "estate" is now owned by the widow of Hon. John Holmes, into whose hands it fell by heirship, and who now occupies a small part of the mansion.

A few steps from this building is the family tomb of Gen. K., in which are deposited his "last remains." Near by is a two story brick building, which in the General's day was occupied by his servants and workmen; this is now rented to a carpenter. There were many other buildings connected with the "estate," which have decayed, or been removed. In fact, from its present appearance one can scarcely get an inkling of what this establishment was in its "palmy days,"—still, it will amply repay one for a visit, from the ancient associations with which it is intimately linked, if for nothing else!

THE HUMAN FACE.

Give me the face
That's warm — that lives — that breathes—made radiant
By an informing spirit from within.
Give me the face that varies with the thought;
That answers to the heart, and seems the while
With such a separate consciousness endued,
That, as we gaze, we can almost believe
It is itself a heart, and of itself

For such an one
One need but look into, to converse with.
Why I, without a thought of weariness,
Have sat and gazed on such for hours,
And in the eloquent beaming of the face
Have felt a spirit hold communion with me!

THE COQUETTE.

Trust her not, trust her not, she will deceive you;
Tangle your heart in her magical net;
Bind you in fetters, and cruelly leave you
To 'scape as you can: O, beware the Coquette!
Look at her dark brilliant eye—how it flashes,
Whenever you *dare* to presume she'll forget;
Look how bewitchingly droops she the lashes,
When you are trusting her: fly the Coquette!
Look at that hand, with its soft jewelled fingers,
Whiter than snow on the mountain's top set;
Mark how *unconsciously willing* it lingers,
Clasped in your own; O, beware the Coquette!
Mark how her voice in its rich music trembles;
When speaking of passion, of love or regret,
You deem that your own her own spirit resembles,
But trust not such seeming; she's but a Coquette!
Hope from his prey the fierce wolf to inveigle;
Hope that a savage when wrong'd may forget;
Look for the heart of a dove in the beagle,
But look not for truth from a heartless Coquette!

From Godey's Ladies' Book for June.

THE CORAL RING.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

'There is no time of life in which young girls are so thoroughly selfish as from fifteen to twenty,' said Edward Ashton, deliberately, as he laid down a book he had been reading, and leaned over the centre table.

'You insulting fellow!' replied a tall, brilliant looking creature, who was lounging on an ottaman hard by, over one of Dickens' last works.

'Truth, coz, for all that,' said the gentleman, with an air of one who means to provoke a discussion.

'Now, Edward, this is one of your wholesale declarations—for nothing but to get me to dispute with you, you know,' replied the lady. 'On your conscience now, (if you have one) is it not so?'

'My conscience feels quite easy, cousin, in subscribing to that very sentiment as my confession of faith,' said the gentleman, with provoking 'sang froid.'

'Pshaw!—it's one of your fusty old bachelor notions. See what comes, now, of living to your time of life without a wife—disrespect for the sex and all that. Really, cousin, your symtoms are getting alarming.'

'Nay, now, cousin Florence,' said Edward, 'You are a girl of moderately good sense, with all your nonsense—now, do not you, (I know you do) think so too?'

'Think just so, too?—do hear the creature! replied Florence. 'No, sir! you can speak for yourself in this matter, but I beg leave to enter my protest when you speak for me too.'

'Well, now, where is there, coz, among all our circle, a young girl that has any sort of purpose or object in life to speak of, except to make herself interesting and agreeable as possible—to be admired, and to pass her time in as amusing a way as she can? Where I say will you find one, between eighteen and twenty, that has any serious regard for the improvement and best welfare of those with whom she is connected at all, or that modifies her conduct in the least with reference to it! Now, cousin, in very serious earnest, you have about as much real character, as much earnestess and depth of feeling, and as much good sense, when one can get at it, as any young lady of them all, and yet, on your conscience, can you say that you live for any sort of reference to any body's good—or anything but for your own present amusement and gratification?'

'What a shocking adjuration,' replied the lady, 'prefaced, too, by a three-storied compliment! Well: being so adjured, I must think to the best of my ability. And now, seriously and soberly, I don't see that I am selfish; I do all that I have any occasion to do for any body. You know that we have servants to do every thing that is necessary about house, so that there is no occasion for my making a dssplay of housewifery excellence; and I wait on mamma if she has the headache and hand papa his slippers and newspaper, and find uncle John's spectacles for him twenty times a day, (no small matter that) and then—'

'But, after all, what is the object and purpose of your life?'

'Why, I havn't any. I don't see how I can have any—that is, as I am made. Now, you know I have none of the fussing, baby-tending, herb-tea-making recommendations of aunt Sally, and divers others of the class commonly called useful. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think 'useful' persons are commonly rather fussy and stupid. They are just like the boneset and hoarhound and catnep, very necessary to be raised in a garden, but not the least ornamental.'

'And you charming young ladies who philosophize in kid slippers and French dresses, are the tulips and roses—very charming and delightful and sweet, but fit for nothing on earth but parlor ornaments.'

'Well, parlor ornaments are good in their way,' said the young lady, coloring and looking a little vexed.

'So you give up the point, then,' said the gentleman, 'that is all you girls are good for—just to amuse yourselves, amuse others, look pretty, and be agreeable.'

'Well, if we behave well to our parents, and are amiable in the family—I don't know—and yet,' said Florence, sighing, 'I have often had a sort of vague idea of something higher we might become—yet really—what more than this is expected of us? what else can we do!'

'I used to read in old fashioned novels, about ladies visiting the sick and the poor,' replied Edward. 'You remember 'Cœlibs in search of a wife.''

'Yes, truly; that is to say, I remember the story part of it, and the love scenes; but as for all those everlasting conversations of Dr. Barlow, Mr. Stanley, and nobody knows who else, I skipped them of course. But really, this visiting and tending the poor, and all that, seems very well for a story, where the lady goes into a picturesque cottage half overgrown with honey-suckle, and finds an emaciated, but beautiful woman, sitting propped up by pillows. But come to the downright matter of fact of poking about in all these vile, dirty allies, and entering little dark rooms, amid troops of grinning children, and smelling codfish and onions, and nobody knows what—dear me, my benevolence always evaporates before I get through. I'd rather pay anybody five dollars a day to do it for me than do it myself. The fact is, that I have neither fancy or nerves for this kind of thing.'

'Well, granting then, that you can do nothing for your fellow creatures unless you are to do it in the most genteel, comfortable and picturesque manner possible, is there not a great field for a woman like you, Florence, in your influence over your associates? With your talents for conversation, your tact, self-possession, and lady-like gift of saying any thing you choose, are you not responsible in some wise, for the influence you exert over those by whom you are surrounded?'

'I never thought of it,' replied Florence.

'Now, you remember the remarks that Mr. Fortesque made the other evening, on the religious services at church?'

'Yes, I do; and I thought then he was too bad,'

'And I do not suppose that there was one of you ladies in the room that did not think so too; but yet the matter was all passed over with smiles, and with not a single insinuation that he had said anything unpleasing or disagreeable.'

'Well, what could we do? One does not want to be rude you know.'

'Do! you cannot, Florence, you who have always taken the lead in society, and who have been noted for always being able to say and to do what you please—could you not have shown him that those remarks were unpleasing to you as decidedly as you would have done if they had related to the character of your father or brother? To my mind, a woman of true moral feelings should feel herself as much insulted when her religion is treated with contempt, as if the contempt was shown to herself. Do you not know the power which is given to you women to awe and restrain us in your presence, and to guard the sacredness of things which you treat as holy? Believe me, Florence, that Fortesque, infidel as he is, would reverence a woman with whom he dared not trille on sacred subjects.'

Florence rose from her seat with a heightened color, her dark eyes brightened through the tears.

'I am sure what you say is just, cousin, and I am determined to begin, after this, to live with some better purpose than I have done.'

'And let me tell you, Florence, in starting a new course, as in learning to walk, taking the first step is every thing. Now, I have a first step to propose to you.'

'Well, cousin——.'

'Well, you know well, I suppose, that among your train of adorers you number Col. Elliot?'

Florence smiled.

'And perhaps you do not know, what is certainly true, that among the most discerning, cool part of his friends, Elliot is considered as a lost man.'

'Good heavens! Edward, what do you mean?'

'Simply this, that with all his brilliant talents, his amiable and generous feelings, and his success in society, Elliot has not self-control enough to prevent his becoming confirmed in intemperate habits.'

'I never dreamed of this,' replied Florence. 'I knew that he was spirited and free, fond of society and excitable, but never suspected anything beyond.'

'Elliot had tact enough never to appear in ladies' society when he is not in a fit state for it,' replied Edward, 'but yet it is so.'

'And is he really so bad!'

'He stands just on the verge, Florence—just where a word fitly spoken might turn him. He is a noble creature, full of all sorts of fine impulses and feelings, the only son of a mother who doats on him, the idolized brother of sisters who love him as you love your brothers, Florence; and he stands where a word, a look—so they be of the right kind—might save him.'

'And why, then, do you not speak to him?'

'Because I am not the best person, Florence. There is another who could do it better—one whom he admires, who stands in a position which would forbid his being angry—a person, cousin, whom I have heard in gayer moments say, that she knew how to say what she pleased, without offending any one.'

'Oh, Edward!' said Florence coloring, 'do not bring up my foolish speeches against me—and do not speak as if I ought to interfere in this matter, for indeed I cannot do it. I could not.'

'And so,' said Edward, 'you whom I have heard say so many things which no one else could say, or even dared to, you, who have gone on with such laughing assurance in your own powers of pleasing, shrink from trying that power when a noble generous heart might be saved by it. You have been willing to venture a great deal for the sake of amusing and winning admiration, but dare not say a word for any high or noble purpose. Do you not see how you confirm what I said of the selfishness of women?'

'But remember, Edward, this is a matter of great delicacy.'

'The word delicacy is a charming cover-all in all these cases, Florence. Now, here is a fine, noble spirited young man, away from his mother and sisters, away from any family friend who might care for him, tempted, betrayed, almost to ruin, and a few words from you, said as a woman knows how to say them, might be his salvation. But you will look cooly on and see him go to destruction, because you have too much 'delicacy' to make the effort, like the man who would not help another out of the water because he never had the honor of an introduction to him.'

'But, Edward, consider how peculiarly fastidious Elliot is—how jealous of any attempt to restrain and guide him.'

'And just for that reason it is that no man of his acquaintance can do anything with him. But what are you women made with so much tact and power of charming for, if it is not to do these things, that we cannot do? It is a delicate matter—true; and has not Heaven given you a fine touch and a nice eye for just such delicate matters? Have you not seen a thousand times, that what might be resented as an impertinent inteference on the part of a man, comes to us as a flattering expression of interest from the lips of a woman?'

'Well, but cousin, what would you have me do? how would you have me do it?' said Florence, earnestly.

'You know that Fashion, who makes so many wrong turns, and so many absurd ones, has at least made one right one, and it is now a fashionable thing to sign the temperance pledge. Elliot himself would be glad to do it, but he foolishly committed himself against it, in the outset, and now feels bound to stand to his opinion. He has, too, been rather rudely assailed, by some of the apostles of the new state of things, who did not understand the peculiar points of his character; in short, I am afraid he will feel bound to go to destruction for the sake of supporting his own opinion. Now, if I should undertake with him, he might offer to shoot me; but I hardly think there is anything of the sort to be apprehended in your case. Just try your enchantments; you have bewitched wise men into doing silly things, before now; try now, if you can't bewitch this foolish man into doing a wise thing.'

Florence smiled archly, but instantly grew more thoughtful.

'Well, cousin,' she said, 'I will try. Tho' I think you are rather liberal in your ascriptions of power, yet I can put the matter to the test of experiment.'

* * * * * * *

Florence Elmore was, at the time we speak of, in her twentieth year. Born in one of the wealthiest families in——, highly educated, accomplished, idolized by her parents and brothers, she had entered society as one born to command. With much native nobleness and magnanimity of character, with warm and impulsive feelings, and a capability of everything high and great, she had hitherto lived solely for her own amusement, and looked on the whole circle by which she was surrounded, with all its various actors, as something got up for her special diversion. The idea of influencing any one, for better or worse by anything she ever said or did, had never occurred to her. The crowd of admirers, of the other sex, who, as a matter of course, were always about her, she regarded as so many sources of diversion; but the idea of feeling any sympathy with them as human beings, or making use of her powers over them for their improvement, was one that never entered her head.

Edward Ashton was an old bachelor cousin of Florence's, who, having earned the title of oddity, in general society, availed himself of it to exercise a turn for telling the truth to the various young ladies of his acquaintance, especially to his fair cousin Florence. We remark, by the by, that these privileged truth-tellers are quite a necessary of life to young ladies, in the full tide of society; and we really think it would be worth while for every dozen of them to unite to keep a person of this kind on a salary, for the benefit of the whole; however, that is nothing to our present purpose; we must return to our fair heroine, whom we left at the close of the last conversation, standing in a deep reverie by her window.

'It's more than half true, she said to herself—'more than half. Here am I twenty years old, and I never have thought of anything, never have done anything, except to amuse and gratify myself; no purpose—no object—nothing dignified—nothing worth living for! only a parlor ornament, heigh-ho.—Well, I really do believe I could do something with this Elliot; and yet—how I dread to try.'

Now my good readers, if you are anticipating a love story, we hasten to put in our disclaimer—you are quite mistaken in the case. Our fair, brilliant heroine was at the time of speaking, as heart-whole as the diamond on her bosom, which reflected the light in too many sparkling rays ever to absorb it. She had, to be sure, half in earnest, half in jest, maintained a bantering, platonic sort of friendship with George Elliot! she had danced, ridden, sung, and sketched with him; but so had she with twenty other young men, and as to coming to anything tender with such a quick, brilliant, restless creature, Elliot would as soon have undertaken to sentimentalize over a glass of soda water. No, there was decidedly no love in the case.

'What a curious ring that is!' said Elliot to her, a day or two after, as they were reading together.

'It's a knight's ring,' said she, playfully, as she drew it off and pointed to a coral cross set in the gold—'a ring of the red crossed knights. Come, now, I've a great mind to bind you to my service with it.'

'Do lady fair!' said Elliot, stretching out his hand for the ring.

'Know, then,' said she, 'if you take this pledge, that you must obey whatever commands I lay upon you in its name.'

'I swear!' said Elliot, in the mock heroic and placed the ring on his finger.

An evening or two after, Elliot attended Florence to a party at Mrs. B——'s. Every thing was gay and brilliant, and there was no lack of either wit or wine. Elliot was standing in a little alcove, spread with refreshments—with a glass of wine in his hand. 'I forbid it; the cup is poisoned,'said a voice in his ear. He turned quickly, and Florence was at his side. Every one was busy, with laughing and talking around and nobody saw the sudden start and flush that these words produced, as Elliot looked earnestly in the lady's face. She smiled, and pointed, playfully, to the ring—but after all, there was in her face an expression of agitation and interest which she could not repress, and Elliot felt, however playful the manner, that she was in earnest—and she glided away in the crowd, he stood with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the spot where she disappeared.

'Is it possible I am suspected—that there are things said of me, as if I were in danger? were the first thoughts that flashed though his mind. How strange that a man may appear doomed, given up, and lost, to the eye of every looker-on, before he begins to suspect himself! This was the first time that any defined apprehension of loss of character had occurred to Elliot, and he was startled as if from a dream.

'What the deuce is the matter with you, Elliot? you look as solemn as a hearse!' said a young man near by.

'Has Miss Elmore cut you,' said another.

'Come, man, have a glass,' cried a third.

'Let him alone—he's bewitched,' said a fourth; 'I saw the spell laid on him. None of us may say that our turn may not come next.'

An hour later, that evening, Florence was talking, with her usual spirits, to a group who were collected around her when suddenly looking up, she saw Elliot standing in an abstracted manner, at one of the windows that looked out into the balcony.

'He is offended, I dare say,' she tho't, but why should I care? For once in my life I have tried to do a right thing, a good thing; a good thing; I have risked giving offence for less than this, many a time.' Still Florence could not but feel a little tremulous when, a few moments after Elliot approached her and offered his arm for a promenade. They walked up and down the room, she talked volubly, and he answering yes and no, and anything else, at cross purposes, till at length as if by accident, he drew her into the balcony which overhung the garden. The moon was shining brightly, and everything without in its placid quietness, contrasted strangely with the busy hurrying scenes within.

'Miss Elmore,' said Elliot, abruptly, may I ask you sincerely, had you any design in a remark you made to me in the early part of the evening?

Florence paused, and though habitually the most self-possessed of women, the color actually receded from her cheek, as she answered, 'Yes, Mr. Elliot—I must confess that I had.'

'And is it possible, then, that you have heard anything?'

'I have heard Mr Elliot, that which makes me tremble for you, and for those whose life I know is bound up in you; and tell me were it well, or friendly, in me to know that such danger existed, and not to warn you of it?'

Elliot stood for a few moments in silence.

'Have I offended? Have I taken too great liberty?' asked Florence, gently.

Hitherto Elliot had only seen in Florence the self-possessed, assured, high-spirited woman of fashion; but there was a reality, and depth of feeling, in the few words she had spoken to him, in this interview, that opened to him entirely a new view of her character.

'No, Miss Elmore,' said he earnestly after some pause; 'I may be PAINED, offended I cannot be. To tell the truth, I have been thoughtless, excited, dazzled; my spirits naturally buoyant, have carried me, often, too far, and lately, I have often painfully suspected my own powers of resistance; I have really felt that I needed help, but have been too proud to confess even to myself that I needed it. You, Miss Elmore, have done what, perhaps, no one else could have done. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, and I shall bless you for it to the latest hour of my life; I am ready to pledge myself to anything you may ask on this subject.

'Then,' said Florence, 'do not shrink from doing what is safe and necessary and right for you to do, because you have once said you would not do it. You understand me.'

'Precisely,' replied Elliot; 'and you shall be obeyed.'

It was not more than a week before the news was circulated, that even George Elliot had signed the pledge of Temperance. There was much wondering at the sudden turn among those who had known his utter repugnance to any measure of the kind, and the extent to which he had yielded to temptation;—but few knew how fine and delicate had been the touch to which his pride had yielded.

THE ARABS.

FROM the days of Hagar and Ishmael there had been a wild romance in the history and character of the Arabs. But since the commencement of the imposture of Mohammed, their history has been full of most painful interest. Their deeds contain the strongest exhibitions of temper and principle. This is owing to two causes; one is, the natural character of the people: the other is the influence of their system of religious belief. It may be interesting to the reader to have some of the views of the Arabs stated.

Mohammed laid this down as a great truth; 'The sword is the key of heaven and hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer; whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven; at the day judgment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk; and the loss of his limbs shall be supplied by the wings of cherubims.' This one sentence has had an influence almost inconceivable. No Arab ever enters into a bloody contest but as an enthusiast. Here is the secret of the rapid spread of imposture.

At the taking of Mecca, Mohammed united the factions, and would take no revenge. The Koreish fell at his feet. 'What mercy,' said he, 'can you expect from the men you have wronged?' 'We confide in the generosity of our kinsman,' was the reply. 'And you shall not confide in vain,' said he. 'Begone! you are safe: you are free.'

When the deputies of Tayef asked for a toleration of their religion, he said, 'Not a month, not an hour.' Then they said. Excuse us at least from the obligation of prayer. His reply was, 'Without prayer religion was of no avail.'

When his soldiers complained of the intolerable heat of a summer campaign, he replied—'Hell is much hotter. Just before his death he caused himself to be put on a pulpit, when he said, 'If there be any man whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Mussulman? Let him prochaim my faults in the face of the congregration. Has any one been despoiled of his goods?' 'Yes,' replied one in the crowd, I am entitled to three drachms of silver."—Mohammed paid him his money and thanked him for accusing him here and not at the day of judgement. His last words were: 'O God! pardon my sins . . Yes. . . I come . . . . among my fellow citizens on high.' He died at the age of 67 years having effected greater and more permanent changes in the opinions and habits of men by the sword united with fanaticism, than was ever effected by any man with either of these means alone or by them united.

There is something very striking in some of the usages of his followers, even to this day. They at times seem to come very near the Christian temper in the forgiveness of injuries, although they are habitually revengful. Their pardons seemed to be very much confined to slight things and accidental wrongs. The following story is told of one of the sons of Ali. In serving at table, a slave had inadvertently dropped a dish of hot soup on his master. The poor wretch fell at his feet and repeated a verse of the Koran; 'Paradise is for those who command their anger.' 'I am not angry,' said he. 'And for those who pardon offences,' continued the slave. 'I pardon your offence,' said the master. 'And for those who return good for evil," added the slave. 'I give you your liberty, and four hundred pieces of silver,' said the master.—

This is the brightest example of any thing like forgivness that I remember to have met in all their history. Almost innumerable examples of their cruelty, even to persons of their own blood and religion, might be given.

Every Arab is bound by his religion to pay a tenth of all his revenue in some way to a benevolent purpose; and if his conscience accuses him of any fraud or injustice, he must pay a fifth. They are said very generally to practise this precipt.

Some of their dignitaries have set remarkable examples of plainness, and others of splendor. Omar II. spent his last days on a bed of palm-leaves, with a pillow made of the skins of beasts, and with but one shirt. Heshom, who came soon after him, was just the reverse. He left ten thousand shirts, and seven hundred boxes of various garments.

No one can read the history of this people without feeling that they are distinct from all the world in many respects. Indulgence and cruelty seem to be the result of caprice. Shrewdness is chiefly applied to evasions, cunning, and fraud. The stronger their religious impressions, the more dangerous do they seem to be, as long as health and success last. Their habits of cooking and eating, of hospitality and of revenge, do not seem to have changed at all for 2,500 years, or more.

But they shall yet be brought to love the Saviour. When that blessed event shall be known unto God alone. But that it shall occur is certain, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The whole of the following prophecy in Isaiah 60: 6, 7, applies to this people. "The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall show forth the praises of the LORD. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee; the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee."

When the day of deliverance from imposture shall come to the Arabs, their conversation will probably be very speedy. The words next following those just quoted are, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" Isiah 60: 8. Who offers special prayer for the Arab? Who keeps himself well informed concerning this people?—Perhaps some do, but is not the number small? I do not remember ever to have heard them mentioned at a missionary meeting.

JERUSALEM AND THE JEWS. Vast as the period, and singular as are the changes of European history since the Christian era, Juden still continues to be the most interesting portion of the world.—Among other purposes, it may be for the purpose of fixing the general eye upon this extraordinary land, that it has been periodically visited by a more striking succession of great public calamities than perhaps any other region. With less to attract an invader than any other conspicious land of the East, it has been constantly exposed to invasion. Its ruin by the Romans in the first century did not prevent its being assailed by almost every barbarian, who, in turn, assumed the precarious sovereignty of this neighboring Asia. After ages of obscure misery, a new terror came in the Saracen invasion, which, under Omrou, on the conquest of Damascus, rolled on Palestine. A siege of four months, which we may well conceive to have abounded in horrors, gave Jerusalem into the hands of the Kaliph Omar, On the death of Omar, who died by the usual fate of Eastern princes—the dagger—the country was left to the still heavier misgovernment of the Moslem viceroys—a race of men essentially barbarian, and commuting their crimes for their zeal in proselytism. The people, of course, were doubly tormented.

A new scourge fell upon them in the invasion of the Crusaders, at the beginning of the 12th century, followed by a long succession of bitter hostilities and public weakness. After almost a century of this wretchedness, another invasion from the the Desert put Jerusalem into the hands of its old oppressor, the Saracen; and in 1187, the famous Saladin, expelling the last of the Christian sovereigns, took possession of Palestine. After another century of tumult and severe suffering, occasioned by the disputes of the Saracen princes, it was visited by a still more formidable evil in the shape of the Turks, then wholly uncivilized—a nation in all the rudeness and violence of mountaineer life, and spreading blood and fire through Western Asia. From this date (1317) it remained under the dominion of the Ottoman, until its conquest, a few years ago, by that most extraordinary of all Mussulmans, the Pacha of Egypt,—a dreary period of 500 years, under the most desolating government of the world. It is equally impossible to read the Scriptural references to the future condition of Palestine, without discovering a crowd of the plainest and most powerful indications, that it shall yet exhibit a totally different aspect from that of its present state. Enthusiasm, or even the natural interest which we feel in this memorable nation, may color the future to us too brightly; but unless language of the most solemn kind, uttered on the most solemn occasions, and by men divinely commissioned for its utterance, is wholly unmeaning, we must yet look to some powerful, unquestionable, and splendid display of Providence in favor of the people of Israel.

The remarkable determination of European politics towards Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and the new life infused into the stagnant governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirl of European interests, look not unlike signs of the times. It may be no dream, to imagine in these phenomena the proofs of some memorable change in the interior of things—some preparatives for that great providential restoration, of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre; and Israelite himself the especial agent of those high transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of the earth, and make man, what he was created to be—only "a little lower than angels."

The statistics of the Jewish population are among the most singular of all people. Under all their calamities and dispersions, they seem to have remained at nearly the same amount as in the days of David and Solomon, never much more in prosperity, never much less after ages of suffering. Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race; Europe in general having doubled its population within the last hundred years, and England nearly tripled hers within the last half century; the proportion of America being still more rapid, and the world crowding in a constantly increasing ratio. Yet the Jews seem to stand still in this vast and general movement. The population of Juden, in its most palmy days, probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three; and their census, according to the German statistics, who are generally considered to be exact, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions.—They are thus distributed:—

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 501,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 5,709.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1825—the numbers probably remain the same. This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years.—May we not naturally conceive, that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; everywhere insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation ever was before or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause one of final benevolence, universal good, and divine grandeur?—(Blackwood's Magazine.

From the Christian Freeman.

WHY SHOULD MAN BE PROUD?

'Tis true they have sought out many inventions,—learned the laws which govern worlds and keep them in their constant course,—discovered the invariable laws and definite proportions of material substances,—found that every atom is created with design,—that order reins throughout the universe,—become learned in all the wisdom and science of the world,—great theologians and mathematicans; and yet we ask, why should man, frail, suffering, mortal man, be proud?

Go ask the theologian, who is talking of God, and seems to know so much of Him; ask him whence emanated the Deity, and how came he into being? With all his knowledge he cannot answer the inquiry.

The astronomer is talking of worlds and systems of worlds, which meet our view as we look upwards; but you inquire of what substance those splendid orbs are composed, what kind of creatures inhabit them:—he knows not and cannot tell you. The botanist is analyzing a flower and giving its class, and order, and botanical name;—you ask him if he could make such a flower as that which he is so carefully pulling to pieces, and he will be astonished at your question, and tell you none but God could make aught so beautiful—so fair. Ask the most skilful practioner of medicine and surgery, to explain the connexion between our mortal bodies and immortal minds. With all his boasted wisdom of the mechanism of the human system, he will tell you it is mysterious, and cannot be known.

There seem to be bounds set to our researches, and "thus far shalt thou go, but no farther" reminds us of our littleness at every step. Then let none be proud of their knowledge, but rather be humble, and by kindness and gentleness instruct those more ignorant than themselves, and be grateful to God for giving them minds capable of grasping intricate subjects, remembering that mental gifts are blessings lent, which should be improved aright—to the good of our race—to the glory of God. While in this state of existence, our lofty hopes never realized, our spirit's longings never satisfied, the phantom happiness ever eluding our grasp, exposed daily to the sports of the destroyer, death; dependent on God for every breath of air we inhale, and on our fellow creatures for all that renders life pleasant or desirable,—what reason then can man give for pride? which ever goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Gain of a Loss.

The following circumstance actually occurred in Dublin a short time back.—Mr. L—— was much attached to Miss C——, the young, beautiful, and accomplished heiress to a property of some fifteen thousand per annum; but, being himself lord of no other erthly possession than talents and good looks, he, fearful not only of a refusal on the part of the lady to reciprocate the sentiment, but of probable imputation of mercenary motives by her friends. Miss C——, however, had sufficient penetration to discover the genuine and disinterested affection of the swain, and the highly praiseworthy sensitivness which caused him to shrink from its avowal. She was by no means indisposed to encourage his suit, but the conciousness of his comparative poverty rendered more than the odinary encouragement given by lady to her suitor necessary to stimulate. How was she, then to give expression to her sentiments regarding him, without at the same time oversteping the bounds of "maiden modesty?" She proposed a game at cards "For what stake shall we play?" asked Mr. L——. "There's my stake," said the lady, laying down a sovereign; "if *you* win, you win it—if *I* win, I win *yourself*. I am aware I have no chance of winning though, against so expert a player as you." Mr. L——was about the best player in Dublin, while his fair antagonist knew little or nothing of the game. Strange to say however, on this occasion his luck deserted him. And the poor gentlemen was so unfortunate as to lose both the game and himself—*and won the heiress!*

LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1848.

The Free Soil Movement.

The much talked of "Free Soil" party has at length held its Convention at Buffalo, and nominated Martin Van Buren for President; and Charles F. Adams, of Boston, for Vice President. What effect this novel outbreak will have upon the two great political parties, remains to be seen. It is quite certain, however, that it will in no wise tend to stifle the political murmurings already distinctly heard. The nominees have, in former years, belonged to distinct and opposite parties, and have both been popular political men in their way. They now have strong friends, and their *unity* upon this occasion will undoubtedly draw supporters from each of the leading political parties, whether their cause be just or not.

That slavery is an evil, very few attempt to deny; the great difference of opinion is, as to the most effectual means of eradicating it. It is, then, a question, whether it would be sound policy, in the present unsettled state of affairs in this country, to erect so formidable a barrier between the North and the South as this new issue now threatens.

Their distinctive creed appears to be, that all new territory introduced into the Union shall be kept free from slavery; that foreigners shall be subject to twenty-one years naturalization, before invested with the rights of sufferage; that every native citizen is entitled to a certain proportion of the public lands; that slavery is exclusively under the control of the States wherein it exists, and that Congress is clothed with full power to abolish it in the District of Columbia. These are all very good measures, if judiciously carried out; but we much doubt whether public opinion has, as yet, arrived at that pitch, when a *majority* of the people will be willing to break away from old party lines, and take these principles as the foundation on which to build a new political fabric!

Massachusetts Enterprise.

Massachusetts is the heart and soul of New England; and this does not result from any superior natural advantages which she possesses over her sister States: but purely from the enterprise of her gifted sons. They have ever taken the lead in what is useful, noble, good! In the scales of philantrophy, commercial enterprise, the arts and sciences—she outweighs them all. The Boston Courier, with a just sense of pride, remarks—"Old Massachusetts established the first school in the United States, the first academy, and the first college. She set up the first press, printed the first book and the first newspaper. She manufactured the first cloth and the first paper. She planted the first apple tree and caught the first whale. She coined the first money and hoisted the first national flag. She made the first canal and the first railroad. She invented the first mouse-trap, and washing-machine; and sent the first ship to discover islands and continents in the South Sea. She produced the first philosopher and made the first pin. She fired the first gun in the Revolution, gave John Bull his first beating, and put her hand first to the Declaration of Independence. She invented "Yankee Doodle," and gave a name forever and ever to the "universal Yankee nation."

"And where is she now? Reaping the reward of her energy and perseverance. It is no exaggeration to state that the people of Massachusetts are at this moment better fed, clothed, educated and governed, than any other nine hundred thousand persons, taken collectively, on the face of the Globe."

☞The news from England and Ireland, rec'd by the Acadia, and from which we have made liberal extracts, is of much interest. It tells us that the "trial hour" of Ireland has come, and whatever may be the more immediate results to individuals or particular districts, the final result will be of incalculable benefit to Ireland.—Though England *may* be enabled to maintain what it pleases her to call the "supremacy of law"—though by shedding the blood of those who have freely bled for her, she may be enabled to hold them in vassalage for a time, yet it must be by a gentler and more equitable rule—an equality of rights and privileges—a giving up of that selfish policy which has been the great agent in placing unhappy Ireland in the attitude she now holds. We rejoice to know that the crisis has come, and hopefully await the result.

PRESENCE OF MIND. There is a little boy, about 11 years old, who is employed in ferrying passengers over the creek in a little boat. On Saturday as he was engaged in passing over three little girls, probably returning from school, the wind blowing quite fresh at the time, his oar slipped from the skull, and he was landed square upon his back in the water. His passengers were, of course, much frightened, and, as was most natural, set up no inconsiderable of a scream. But the little fellow coolly said to them, "Don't be frightened, you shan't be drowned," and away he swam and secured his oar. He then pulled for the boat, and had the presence of mind not to attempt getting in at the side, but swam to the stern and was soon safe aboard, and continued his course over, landed his passengers, and returned for others, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.—[Buffalo Com. Adv.

☞OREGON. From the Boston Traveller, of last evening, we have the following important and unexpected information:—

"The Senate has been forced by the moral power of the House of Representatives, into the adoption of the bill for the government of Oregon, anti-slavery proviso and all. By the Congress news it will be seen that after struggling through the whole night of Saturday, amidst repeated unworthy attempts of its Southern enemies, to kill off the bill by speaking against time, the Senate finally, on 'Sunday morning,' receded from its Missouri compromise amendment, and passed the bill precisely as it came from the House.

The bill has been signed by the President, and 'Gen. Shields' nominated Governor of the Territory of Oregon; and his nomination has been confirmed by the Senate. The appointments of Judges and Secretaries for the Territory were likewise confirmed.

THE MINES AND MINERS OF INDRIA.

The New York Harbinger of Peace translates from the Weser-Zeiting, published at Bremen, an interesting account of a visit to the Quicksilver Mines of Indria:

"The entrance to the mines is in the centre of the town, is hewn in the rocks, and is 216 feet in length; when this is passed you descend into the apparently bottomless abyss. The entire depth is 816 feet. There are 900 stone steps, and a few hundred ladder-rounds, which lead to it. 270 persons labor there by day, and about 100 by night; in the whole establishment 640 workmen are employed. The total product annually is 4000 cwt. of pure quicksilver, of which 1000 cwt. is used in the manufacture of vermillion, an establishment for which is also in Indria. Formerly the yield of the mines was greater, but then the price was much lower than now; the product has been decreased with the express design of raising the price to the present high rate. It is now 200 guilders, delivered free of charge in Trieste.

The smelting is kept up during the six winter months but in the summer it is suspended, as in the warm season it produces diseases through the whole place, among both men and animals. The ore which is excavated yields from one-half to eighty per cent. of pure quicksilver. The common yield of other mines is about twenty per cent.

After the pure quicksilver has been taken from the furnace, it is poured into bottles of double sheepskin, contain usually 41 lbs. each, and two such bottles are put into one wicker flask.

For several years, a great deal of water has constantly made its way into the mines; a steam engine is constantly kept at work, day and night, pumping it out.

It must be said that the pay of the laborers in this mine, which yearly brings into the Austrian Treasury about half a million of guilders net profit, is very low, considered as ordinary day wages, without regarding the grave circumstance that in the very first year they take in the causes of chronic diseases, which never afterwards leave them, and for the rest of their shortened lives keep them in an emaciated and unhappy condition. The greater part die between thirty and forty, and only a few reach the latter age. It sounds like irony, that those who endure forty years in this service of the State are pensioned with full wages. Although, after what has been said, no one would suppose the attainment of this reward to be within the bounds of possibility, yet the human constitution has gained the victory even over these poisonous influences, and there are three workmen who have lived out their forty years' service. The writer of this made an acquaintance of one of them. But what an existence; and what a reward for forty years of such service!

The duration of the daily labor in the mines is fixed at eight hours, beside a long half hour employed in descending and ascending. The so-called 'carriages,' which are drawn up and let down by a machine in the shafts are used only in conveying tools, ore, and the overseers.

The wages of the laborers, divided into three classes, amount to from 8 to 17 kreutzer (4 to 8 1-2 cents) per day. Besides this, what vegetables and grain they want are supplied to them at a moderate fixed price, which, in years of scarcity, offers an advantage. The third class at 8 kreutzer is the most numerous, and the first class at 17 is the least so, as it contains only 100 laborers. What a contrast between the earnings of these people and the large incomes of many wealthy men, and what a standard of earnings and desert in the one case and the other!—might we but bring hither those who, with splendid means of support, do not even fulfil the easy duties which in their position are due to the State and to their fellow-citizens.

During the time of smelting, the furnaces are cleaned twice a week. It takes a single workman a whole night to clean a furnace, and for this he receives four to five guilders, (two dollars to two and a half.) From this high pay in comparison to the pay for labor in the shafts, we can judge of the nature of the work, and its consequences. Generally in a few days after the cleaning of a furnace, symptoms appear which give to the already weakened sparks of life another and an incurable blow. Nevertheless, there are always volunteers for the work, generally such as are incited to it by great poverty, or by debts.

I was surprised to learn, that notwithstanding the small pay for the ordinary but most toilsome labor, (the pits being so low that no one can stand erect in them, and the air so sultry that those who are not accustomed to it cannot bear it long,) and with the prospect of inevitable disease and untimely death, there are not only laborers enough, but that a large number always have their names enrolled, and await the departure of others, in order to take their places.

To marry is only permitted to laborers of the first class, a permission which is almost always made use of. The brides usually bring with them a bit of land and a few cows as dowry, which contribute to the support of the family, as the 15 kreutzer alone are of course not sufficient. They live chiefly on a milk diet, as this is both the cheapest and most wholesome against the influence of the quicksilver. The emaciation of the fathers does not seem to be inherited by the children; at least I saw among them no very ill-looking ones. The women have also a very healthy appearance, besides being quite handsome.—But the workmen, on the other hand, all look very ill, and can be told from other men at the first glance. Their cheeks are all fallen in, their complexion sickly and yellow, and sometimes a yellow-green, their gait tottering, and their hands trembling. From this they never recover.

ONE OF 'EM.—"Bill, what's the meanin' of all that readin' on the red ribbon strung out of that old feller's mouth?" Said an Illinois volunteer to a comrade, pointing to the motto, "E Pluribus Unum" upon the scroll in the beak of the eagle on the flag of his company.

"I don't know 'zactly, Jake," said his companion in arms, "but I hearn the schoolmaster of our town say that it means 'he's one of 'em!'"

☞Where there is good sense there are few words.

The Niagara Suspension Bridge.

Today, in company with some friends, I visited this Bridge. It spans the river about one mile below the Falls. It is, however, only a temporary structure, having been built as an experiment, with a view, if successful, of building another on a more extended plan.—It crosses at the narrowest point of the river, and where the embankments are highest.—The experiment has been eminently successful. Yesterday, for the first time, a horse was rode over it; and today, at eleven o'clock precisely, the architect and builder, Mr. Ellet, drove a horse and carriage across. I had the good fortune of being an eye-witness to this noble feat. The horse was rather a fractious one and blind of an eye. Mr. E. stepped into the carriage with great composure, started his horse, and rode over in triumph from the American to the Canada side and back, being enthusiastically cheered at each end by the spectators. In a few minutes afterwards, not satisfied with his first splendid achievement, he borrowed the carriage in which myself and company were riding, and drove it triumphantly across and back with two horses. Thus I had the pleasure also of seeing the first and second carriage and horses driven across on this splendid structure. It was truly an exciting scene. The distance from the bridge to the water is two hundred and thirty feet, and from the water to the bottom 230 feet or more, making 460 feet. As the horses and vehicle passed over, the bridge would gradually give way under their feet, bending and raising up again, like thin ice when venturesome boys are skating on it.

The horses, carriage and driver, as seen from the vast depths below, looked more like Tom Thumb and his mininture equipage, being diminished by distance, than anything else I can now think of comparing them with.—The scene was full of terrific excitement. So confident, however, was Mr. Ellet in the strength and security of his bridge, that he rode upon it without the slightest apparent emotion of fear. This bridge will be used only for carringes and foot passengers. The one in contemplation to be built close by it is designed for the crossing of railroad cars, and will cost about $300,000. My curiosity induced me to cross the bridge myself. There were probaly fifty or more men at work on it at the time. When about half way over, there is presented the most beautiful view imaginable. The river is seen below, foaming and roaring over the rocks at a distance, which makes the head giddy to look down upon. The Falls are in view above in all their sublimity, and the river in an opposite direction rushing on in its wild, wide chasm, until lost in the celebrated whirlpool three quarters of a mile below. The embankments on each side appear as tho' they had been cut out of solid rock to the depth of 260 feet. Thus the beholder stands as if suspended in air, with the blue arched heavens above, the deep foaming, awful abyss below, the thundering cataract on one side, the eternal whirlpool on the other, and wildness, grandeur and sublimity all around. The globe may be traversed from centre to circumference, and nothing, either in nature or art, or both combined, can be found to hold the slightest comparison with what I have here attempted, but failed to describe. Let me urge upon all who possibly can, *to see this scene and make* a visit here. The whole route is full of interest.

The bridge at a distance does not look larger, comparatively speaking, than a piece of tape, or rather resembles a ribband stretched from shore to shore, with Lilliputians passing to and fro. The wires which suspend it are almost invisible, and it would seem to hang in air. My nerves are tolerably strong and my courage not easily daunted, but I must confess while standing upon this structure, midway over the awful chasm, and feeling it sag and tremble beneath my feet, I felt a degree of awe and apprehensiveness never before experienced. The head actually becomes giddy in seeing and contemplating the real position in which one stands.—[Cor. Bal. Patriot.

NEW YORK, August 11, 8 P. M.

BUFFALO CONVENTION. HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Mass., has received the nomination of the Free Soil Convention for the office of Vice President.

The resolutions adopted by the Convention are perfectly satisfactory to Liberty men and Whigs. The substance of them is, no slave territory—no more slave States—Free Soil—Freedom of Public Lands—Cheap Postage—election of public officers under general government by the people in all practicable cases.

The best possible feeling prevailed and the enthusiasm was immense. Three cheers were given for the candidates of the Convention; three for Hall and the Liberty party; three for Radical Whigs; three for Wilmot; three for Preston King; three deafening yells for John Van Buren; three universal screams for five minutes for everybody, as everybody was in Buffalo.

On motion it was voted unanimously that John Van Buren throw aside all personal considerations, and stump it though the country for the candidates.

The Convention adjourned last night amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

An explosion took place on board the schr. Maria Thomas, at New Orleans on the 31st ult., while discharging a cargo of Government stores, among which was a quantity of fixed amunition.

In handling one of the boxes, says the Picayune, which contained bomb-shells, one of the shells, which were each placed in seperate compartments of the box, became loose and exploded. This set the schooner on fire, and the flames extended to the other boxes containing shells which lay around, causing a continual roar and succession of explosions. Two men who working in the hold of the schooner were severely injured—one of them mortally, it is supposed. After about a quarter of an hour the grand explosion took place, which tore away the sides and bottom of the schooner, when the wreck sunk.

☞If one pine tree can make pitch, how many will make a pitcher? If one twinge of pain make an ache, how many will make an acre? As the weather is hot, you may take your own time to answer these questions.

SPICE.

"Variety is the *spice* of life."

☞THANKS—to C. A. Macomber; to Jerome's Express; to Hogman's Express; to M. C. & O. Andrews; to Steamers; to many friends—for late Boston papers.

"My dear," said a New England deacon's wife to him one morning after prayers, while he was venting forth his imprecations, "do for mercys sake either leave off praying or swearing, I don't care which."

☞Santa Anna's cane and military hat, taken by Gen. Lane, have arrived at Baltimore. Every part of the Mexican hero has been taken except his body. He has even lost his reputation.

FROM BERMUDA. Later accounts from Bermuda, state that Mitchell, the Irish felon, still continues to wear his citizen's dress.—He is not required to work, and his health is improving.

☞The story that O. E. Dodge, the vocalist, had eloped with the wife of a citizen of Wilmington, is a hoax.

☞In Boston there are 257 physicians.—Sextons there go well clothed.

☞I say, Sam, where do you live now? 'O, don't live anywhere, I am married.

Dobbs, on being asked if he had ever seen the "bridge of sighs," replied, "Yes, I've been travelling on it ever since I was married.

The best definition of courtship is the following:

It consist in a number of quiet attentions not so pointed as to alarm, not so vague as to be misunderstood.

Pens made out of bone are now in use in England and sold at the rate of fifty for twenty two cents. They are pronounced to be as flexible as the quill and far more durable.

The Presse, one of the Paris papers, the publication of which has recently been suspended by orders from government, has 70,000 subscribers, twenty editors, twenty-five clerks, twenty pressmen and assistants, six porters, sixty four folders, and five hundred carriers.

THE TRUE FIRE. Some descriptive poet who flourished out east in days gone by, gives the following material account of the creation of Ware:—

"Dame Nature once when making land,
Had refuse left of stone and sand;
She viewed it well, then threw it down,
Between Coy's Hill and Belchertown,
And said, you paltry stuff lie there,
And make a town and call it WARE.'

'You couldn't get along without my 'puffs,' as the engine said to the steamboat,

'Oft in the stilly night,' as the wathman said when they asked him if he ever took a nap.

EPIGRAM.

Weak eyes for Lawyers, 'tis confess't,
Do prove the most convenient quite;
To serve a client's interest best
Requires, we find the FEE-blest sight.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE. The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wedlock of gold—lasting as well as beautiful.

THE BUFFALO NOMINATION. A despatch to the morning papers say that 'Martin Van Buren' has been nominated as the 'Free-soil' candidate for the Presidency.

☞The Portland, Thomaston and Calias Telegraph Co., will commence operations immediately, under the direction of Mr. Eddy, who is expected here in a few days. The wire for the line has been received.

Our Bangor friends are making strenuous efforts to secure a station in that village.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says that the crops of peaches in that vicinity this year, is *one of the largest ever known, and that in* consequence of their abundance, there would be very few large ones. They sell at fifty cents a basket.

CONFIRMATION OF GEN. KEARNY. The Senate have notwithstanding the fierce opposition of Mr. Benton, confirmed the Brevet appointment of Brig. Kearny by the very decided vote of thirty-two to fourteen.

No. E wire is said to be an ample protection against lightning, put up as the large rods are. War ships use the wire with complete success.

The Telegraph line through Canada is strongly and thoroughly constructed. Accidents and interruptions are of rare occurrence. The posts are not as high as those are here, and are larger. Stronger iron wire is used.—The stock is at a premium of 20 per cent.

The news in relation to the Revolution in Cuba is said to be a hoax.

"Are you a Son of Temperance, Levi?"

'No! that's Jim's mother's name. My mother's name is Charity. But Temperance is half sister to my mother."

EPIGRAM—BY LORD BYRON.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is JOHN BULL.

By a law of Pennsylvania, any person who bets even a dime on the result of the Presidential election, is deprived of his vote.

A Witty Lawyer, once a recorder of the third municipality, jocosely asked a boarding-house keeper in Recorder Baldwin's court, the following question. We think the reply was good. "Mr. ———, if a man gives you $500 dollars to keep for him, and dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. ———, I pray for another like him."—[N. Orleans Delta.

Charles Williams, who reported that he was robbed of $1,400 in the cars of the Lawrence Railroad, has been arrested by his creditors in this city, and lodged in jail. They are of the opinion that Williams robbed himself, and some circumstances that have been developed since the reported robbery, go to substantiate the supposition.

Somebody was reading to a dry old codger one of Dr. Clapp's fiery sermon's on the hot controversy he got up to prove there was no such place as hell. "No hell—no hell!" repeated the old man, musingly, to himself; "if that's the case, how will they dispose of us poor devils!"

In New York, Thursday forenoon, three of the upper floors fell into the second floor of the building formerly known as Peale's Museum. It has latterly been used as a bowling saloon, but was undergoing alterations to fit it for an auction store.

FROM JAMAICA. Later advices from Jamaica state that several shocks of earthquake had been recently felt in that island.

Some trouble has occurred among the negroes at the West end of the Island, on account of the inability of the planters to pay them for their labor.

FROM MATANZAS. Dates have been received from Matanzas to the 28th ult. All was quiet at that time, but an outbreak was expected.

☞The Legislature of this State adjourned 'sine die' on Friday morning, at half past six o'clock.

Among the acts passed by the Legislature are the following: to incorporate the Eastern Telegraph Company; additional to restrict the sale of intoxicating drink; in favor of W. T. Sayward; rescinding a resolve in favor of the Passamaquoddy Indians; regulating hours of labor.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE

Arrival of the Acadia.

The Royal Mail steamer Acadia arrrived at Boston, on Sunday forenoon, bringing Liverpool papers to July 29, and London to 28th, the Boston Traveller says:—

The news from Ireland is the most interesting of any which the steamer has brought.—We have subjoined as full details as possible. These details indicate that the crisis is near at hand. The Government and the people were putting themselves in battle array. The efficient measures which have been taken to suppress the rebellion when it shall break out, render it certain that the contest must be brief.

From France their is nothing exciting; and the news from the continent generally is not particularly interesting or important.

The progress of trade and commerce during the past week has been greatly retarded by the extreme uneasiness which is felt respecting the affairs in Ireland. The markets for Colonial produce have therefore been less active, with the exception of sugar, which has been in fair demand. The sales of cotton are to a moderate extent. The Corn trade has been active and prices rather higher. Manufactured goods have been less inquired for home use. The money market is easy, and the rates of interest remain at the figure last quoted.

IRELAND.

The European Times says: The position of this unfortunate and disturbed country is becoming every day more and more critical. The reign of terror has at length begun.—Parliament, in the short space of 'seventy-two hours,' has suspended the Habeas Corpus Act; and already an immense number of warrants, to take up, seize and imprison all persons to the 1st of March next, who are suspected of being disaffected towards her Majesty's Crown and Government, have been issued; troops in great numbers are being sent into the country, and everything that might and power can do to curb the rebellious tendencies of the people is put into opperation with a degree of alacrity and zeal very unusual in the administration of Irish affairs—meantime the people are organizing. The south is in a state of extreme excitement and the cry of all hands seems to be for arms.

The clubs are proclaimed, but the leaders, Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Doudney, &c., continue to visit the provinces for the purpose of arming the people. A conflict seems inevitable. May he in whose hands are the issues of life and death avert such a horrible calamity, and so dispose the heart of ruler and ruled, that peace in our time may prevail and Ireland have obtained effective remedies for the many grievances with which she is afflicted. Full particulars of the state of the country will be found below.

The Lord Lieutenant had lost no time in bringing into force the new powers with which he has been invested by the passing of Habeas Corpus Suspension Act. The Banshee left this port on Tuesday night, at eleven o'clock—reached Dublin Wednesday morning early. An extraordinary Gazette was published the same afternoon, containing a proclamation, decharing that her Majesty's representative in Ireland would proceed forthwith to enforce the provisions of the act.

A letter received from Dublin, dated July 26, states—

"The Admiralty steamer Banshee entered Kingston harbor at half past seven o'clock this morning, with a Queen's messenger, who came express from London, with a copy of the act for suspending the Habeas Corpus.—A special train was at once provided, and the messenger proceeded by the railway to deliver the act to the Lord Lieutenant.

The Government have determined upon a considerable number of arrests and is stated that some persons not heretofore openly connected with the revolutionary movement are to be taken up. It is said that four clerks are occupied in making out the warrants, which await the arrival of the act authorising the Lord Lieutenant to take the necessary steps.

At this hour (half past four o'clck) the Attorney General and the Solicitor-General are at the Castle, and it has been arranged that the warrants are to be issued this afternoon. Mr. S. O'Brien, and several other leaders, now organizing the clubs throughout the country, are to be taken into custody to night; and, if the attempt to arrest them should not lead to an outbreak, they will be brought up to Dublin to-morrow.

The accounts from the south this morning are really most alarming. The Confederate leaders appear to be so insane as to contemplate an insurrection; and, indeed, already they have gone little short of an actual outbreak. The deepest anxiety and apprehension prevails amongst the gentry and the well-disposed of all classess. From various counties gentlemen have come up to make representations to the Government on the state of their districts, and requiring arms for their tenantry to defend their families and property against any insurgent movements. Lord Farnham from Cavan, and magistrates from Wicklow, Meath, and other counties, have been in attendance at the Castle.

The danger is imminent, but the Lord Lieutenant is well prepared and determined to crush, if he cannot prevent, any insurrection forced on by wicked men who are now endeavoring to produce a convulsion.

Troops are constantly arriving from England and departing for the South, where the danger is most pressing. At one o'clock today, a regiment of cavalry received a sudden order for Kilkenny.

A troop of the 8th hussars, en route from Cork to Newbridge, has been ordered to halt at Kilkenny, where it is to be stationed for the present.

Four companies of the 89th, which landed this morning from England, marched direct for Kilkenny. The remainder of the regiment on its arrival here will proceed to the same destination.

At an early hour this morning two troops of the 17th lancers, with two pieces ordnance, left town for Dunshaughlin, county of Meath, where disturbances are apprehended."

At the Privy Council held in Dublin Castle, on the 22d inst., the following additional districts were proclaimed. The act took effect on the 25th: 1. County Kilkenny. 2. County of the city of Kilkenny. 3. County of Meath. 4. The baronies of Decies within Drum, Decies without Drum, and Coshmore and Coshbride, in the county of Waterford. 5. Barony of Kerricurrehy, Kinsale, Courcies, Kinnameky, Barrets North, Barrets South, and Barryton in the county of Cork.

CLONMEL, July 25. The cannon which are placed on the top of Caher Castle were fired yesterday several times for practice, under the direction of the authorities. Within the last two days Clonmel has been filled with the most alarming rumors. Yesterday it was reported that the clubs were to assemble at the Mile Tree, near the town, and to make sudden irruption into it when darkness favored them. At noon today an express constable arrived from Cashel, it was said with information of an outbreak there; we doubt, however, its correctness. The most painful anxiety awakened for tonight, as the general feeling is that an insurrection with all its horrors, is at hand, and may commence before we see the light of another day. The police have removed from the barracks in the Irishtown, and taken possession of the West Gate. Military are to occupy the Main Guard, and no doubt every precaution will be made for the protection of the town and the security of its peaceble inhabitants.

It is further said that one of the leaders spent last night at Thorney bridge, in the neighborhood of Slievenamon, and that the Carrickon-Suir colps are in readiness to join in the onslaught.

CARRICK-ON-SUIR. We saw a letter this day from Carrick, in which it is stated that among other extensive preparations on the part of the people in that town, twelve anvils sound night and day with the sound of the pike, in defiance of all 'legal consequences,' and in the presence of police and military.

A Waterford letter, of a recent date, observes:—A bloody, determined hand to hand fight will be fought before one month passes should coertion bills be the remedy for Irish grievances. One hardware shop sold seventeen guns before the new proclamation took effect. All the arms here—say 5000, will be interred this week, unless the arrest of the leaders, under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, be acted upon. Not a gun or a pike will be given up in this district.

LIVERPOOL, July 29th—8 P. M.

Accounts from the South of Ireland, Cork, Limerick, Castlebar, Tipperary and Kilkenny represent everything quiet.

A privy council was held this afternoon at Dublin Castle, when proclamations were made offering rewards as follows—Smith O'Brien £500; Meagher, Dillon, Dahency, £300 each.

Numerous arrests continue to take place at Drohega for training and drilling. It is rumored that Smith O'Brien has been captured.

The accounts from Madrid state that the Queen is better. A party of Spaniards had rebelled against, and murdered the guards at Valladolid and proceeded to join the Metemolinists.

Letters from the Continent speak favorably of the crops, and that the potato disease was not extensive.

FRANCE.

In France, affairs seem to have settled down in comparative quiet, and the provisional government devoting all its energies to retrieve the nation from its financial difficulties. Gen. Gudinot has obtained leave of absence from the National Assembly for the purpose of going to the army of Italy, of which he is commander-in-chief. The Bank of France has decided that it should subscribe to the new loan to the amount of 25 millions.

A ROADSIDE CONFAB.

'And so, Squire, you don't take your county paper?'

'No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms; and so I take a couple of them.

'But Squire, these country papers prove of great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better their publishers can make them.'

'Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me.'

'The farm you sold last fall was in one of them, and you thereby obtained a customer, did you not?'

'Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it.'

'And made much more than three dollars by it. Now if your neighbors had not sustained the press and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means of advertising your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in one of these papers. Did that cost you anything?'

'No, but—'

'And your brother's death was published, with a long obituary notice.'

'Yes, yes, but—'

'And the destruction of your neighbor Brigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated, till the authentic accounts of our newspapers set them right.

'Oh, true' but—'

'And when your cousin Splash was out for the legislature, you appeared much gratified at his newspaper defence, which cost him nothing.'

'Yes, yes, but these things are news to the reader. They cause people to take papers.'

'No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all are like you. Now, I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the Printer will put it in types, and with a heavy black line over it and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper, —your wealth, talents, and all such things, will be spoken of; but the Printer's boy as he spells the words in arrainging the types to these sayings, will remark of you, 'the mean old curmudgeon! he is even sponging for an obituary!' Good morning, Squire.'

Assassination.

At about 11 o'clock last evening, the watchmen stationed, in Ann street hearing groans that they judged proceeded from some person in distress, went in direction indicated by a continuation of the noise, and when near what is called the "Green Gate," found a man lying on the sidewalk, in great distress and almost speechless. He was taken up and carried to the house of Dr. J. C. Ayer, who on examination, found a wound in the abdomen, running backward about seven inches, and injuring the abdomen as well as the castings of the heart. Dr. A. was satisfied the patient could not recover, and therefore did not irritate the wound by probing or dressing, but continued with him during the night, and used all means to render him as comfortable as possible. In the course of the night he stated that his name was Barzilla Groves, that he belongs to Dresden, Me., and came to Boston as a hand on board of a coasting vessel; that while going through Ann street with his brother, some persons attacked his brother, and he went to see what was the matter, when he felt the entrance of the instrument into his body that caused the wound. He has no idea who committed the act beyond the supposition that it was one of the persons that attacked his brother. At 9 o'clock this morning he was taken to the hospital but in such a condition that it is not supposed he can live through the day. [Boston Journal of Tuesday evening the 8th.

STOPPAGE OF FACTORIES. The factories in different parts of the country are suspending opperations in consequence of the limited demand and extremely low prices of their goods. The woolen mills in Lewiston Falls have stopped for the present; the flannel mill at Subbatisville, in the same neighborhood, will stop in a few days, and the Perry mills one of the largest establishments in Newport, R. I., are going to stop on the 19th inst.

FIRE IN PORTLAND. We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that the City Hotel, on Congress street, took fire on Friday morning last between one and two o'clock and was entirely destroyed. The fire took in the cook room, and spread with such rapidity that in a short time the whole building was in flames.—The building was under a mortgage to Edward Motley, Esq., of whom it was purchased by the late Mr. N. Ryerson, and was in the occupancy of Ryerson (Samuel) & Stowell, and owned by the heirs of Ryerson.—There was an insurance on the property, a part of which was by the Manufactures Co., Boston.

The house was advertised to be leased, and the furniture was to be sold at auction on the 29th inst., unless previously disposed of. But a few articles of the furniture were saved.

☞The weather of the past week has been the most oppressive of any we ever experienced; the themometer indicating, degrees of heat from 95 to 103; the atmosphere filled with clouds of lime dust by day and fog by night.

NOTICE.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICIANS of Thomaston are requested to meet at the School House, near David Gay's, Jr., on Friday the 18th inst. at 5 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting six Delegates to attend the County and District Convention to be holden at Wiscasset, on Wednesday the 23d inst.

NOTICE.

The Members of NEW JERUSALEM Chapter of R. A. Masons are requested to meet at Washington Hall, on Thursday the 24th inst. at 5 1-2 o'clock, P. M., for transaction of special business. A full and prompt attendance is requested.

Per order of the M. E. H. P.

August 16, 1848.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons indebted to this office, either for job-work or advertising, are requested to make immediate payment.

SUBSCRIBERS, wishing to take advantage of the ADVANCE TERMS, are notified that the hour of 'probation' is fast running out!—this being No. 90 of the 3d Volume.

TOWN WARRANT.

TO JOSEPH FARWELL, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace, within and for the County of Lincoln:

WE, the subscribers, citizens and legal voters, residing in the territory set off from the town of Thomaston, with its inhabitants and incorporated into a new town by the name of EAST THOMASTON, by an act of the Legislature of Maine, and approved by the Governor the 28th day of July, A. D. 1848; request you to issue a warrant to one of the Petitioners, being a Constable of said Thomaston, directing him to call a meeting of the inhabitants of said East Thomaston, to assemble at the Vestry of the Congregational Meeting-house in East Thomaston, on TUESDAY, the 22d day of August, inst., at one o'clock, P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:—

1st, To choose a Moderator to govern said meeting.

2d, To choose a Town Clerk.

3d, To choose Selectmen, Assessors, Overseers of the Poor, and Town Agent.

4th, To Choose Superintending School Committee and fence viewers.

5th, To Choose Town Treasurer.

6th, To see if the town will accept a road leading from Main-st, between the houses of Isaac Ames and Robert Perry, to David Conant's dwelling-house — as laid out by the selectmen of Thomaston, as per plan, No. 1.

7, To act on any other business that may legally come before said meeting, and especially on all matters relative to accepting and organizing under the act aforesaid.

Freeman Harden, Jr.	Henry C. Lowell
O. S. Andrews	h o's W. Hix
Henry A. Smart	Simeon Partridge
Alden Ulmer	John Lindsey
Gardner Ludwig	A. G. Luce
Cha's Holmes	David Warren
W. A. Farnsworth	Joseph Spear
Sam'l B Dodge	Freeman Harden
O. B. Fales	Larkin Snow
Cha's Thorndike	J. C. Libby
Eph'm Barrett	ho's Colson
Benj. Litchfield	Elkanah Spear, Jr.

J. Wakefield.

August 8th, 1848.

STATE OF MAINE.

LINCOLN SS.

To SAMUEL B. DODGE, one of the Petitioners above and one of the Constables of Thomaston, Greeting:

Inasmuch as the above Petition and request has been presented to me, Joseph Farwell, one of the Justices of the Peace within and for said County, for a call for a meeting of the inhabitants of East Thomaston, to act on the articles therein named. You are hereby required in the name of the State of Maine to notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of East Thomaston legally qualified to vote in town affairs, to meet at time and place above specified in the Petition, and to vote on the articles therein enumerated.

And have you here this warrant with your doings therein.

Dated at East Thomaston aforesaid this Eighth day of August A. D. 1848.

JOSEPH FARWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

A TRUE COPY:
Attest: S. B. DODGE,
Constable of Thomaston.

MARRIAGES.

One thought, one feeling surred within our souls,
One hope, one wish filled both our throbbing hearts.

In this village, on Sunday morning last by Knott C. Perry Esq., Capt. Veranus Johnson, to Mrs. Julia Paul.

In South Thomaston, at Church, by Rev. Mr. Kellar, F. H Bartlett, to Miss Elmira Snowdeal.

In this town, the 13th inst., by Rev. S. Cox, Solomon Larrabee to Miss Nancy Stevens, both of Thomaston.

DEATHS.

Oh, woe! deep woe to earthly love's fond trust
When all it once has worshipped he in dust.

At sea, on the passage from New Orleans to New York, Joseph Hughes, of Saco, a discharged soldier.

In Starks, Jesse Athearn, aged 33.

In Hallowell, Oliver H. G. White aged 20.

GAZETTE MARINE LIST.

Port of East Thomaston.

Arrived.

13th sch Ningira Hatch, Boston, via New York
15th " Athaubria, Bullock New York.

Sailed.

14th Brig Susan Ingraham, Babbage, for Eastport, to load with lumber.
12th " Amulett, Spofford, for Camden, to load with ice for Philadelphia.
17th " Lucy Spear, Robbins, Picton.

In Hampton Roads 8th, sch Corvo, Crockett, fm Thomastown, for Baltimore.

New York—Ar. 6th, sch Freeman, Burton, from Thomaston.

Charleston—Ar. 3d brig St. George, Hyler, from Thomaston.

Newark—Ar 6th, sch Envoy, Thomaston

MISCELLANY.

A CHARACTER.

O, happiest he, whose riper years retain
The hopes of youth, unsullied by a stain —
His eve of life in calm content shall glide
Like the still streamlet to its ocean tide;
No gloomy cloud hung o'er his tranquil day;
No meteor lures him from his home astray;—
For him there glows with glittering beams on high
Love's changeless star that wins him to the sky;
Still to the past he turns sometimes to trace
The mild expression of a Mother's face,
And dreams perchance,as oft in earlier years
The low, sweet music of her voice he hears.

AN INCIDENT, WITH A MORAL.

A minister of the gospel in one of our nothern cities, some years ago became deeply impressed with a desire for increased usefulness. He tho't much upon the most probable means for the accomplishment of this object. The ordinary opportunities of access to his people, by pulpit ministration and customary pastoral visitings, did not satisfy his soul. He longed to lead his flock directly to witness a greater degree of spirituality among them. At length, he resolved to visit every family, and, as far as practicable, to ascertain the spiritual condition of each of its members, by personal conversation upon religious experience. At an appointed time he entered upon his labors of love. He called on one and another of the families of his people, had every household gathered, and with much affectionate concern spoke to them of the necessity of living each day for God and for eternity. His own soul was comforted, and he felt that his labors were not in vain in the Lord.

A day or two after he had commenced this heavenly employment, he called at the house of one of his most pious and influential members—a man of wealth.—The father was absent at his place of business, but the mother, an amiable and pious woman, was at home. On making known to the latter his desire that she should summon her family to the parlor, and acquainting her with his design to speak personally to them—to admonish, exhort, or encourage, as they might need, the mother thanked him with tears of gratitude, but said, "I have one request to make of you, sir."

"What is that?" said the minister.

"It is that you will say nothing to my eldest daughter, Mary, on the subject of religion. I have prayed for that child for years. I have talked to her again and again; but her heart is set upon vanity. Fashion and the world are predominant in her affections. She has become, of late, exceedingly sensitive to reproof or admonition. Respectful in every other relation, she will not permit me to speak to her on religious subjects, without returning a violence of language entirely unbecoming a daughter. I have determined therefore to refrain from any direct appeal to her, until she shall give evidence of greater docility. You will please, therefore, say nothing to Mary, whatever you may say to the others. I should be sorry to have your feelings injured, as well as my own, by the manner in which I am but too confident she would respond. May God bless your admonitious to the rest!"

In a few moments the family was gathered in the presence of the minister.—Mary sat among them. She had entered with a respectful courtesy, and taken her position at a window looking upon a street, apparently more interested in what was going on without, than attentive to the conversation within. The minister spoke first to the mother, of her responsibilities and duties; then to a son, a youth of intellect and promise; then to a younger daughter, and so on, until he had administered his kind and fatherly instructions to all. I mean all except Mary; to her he said nothing. He seemed to be unconscious of her presence.—As tears of tenderness flowed freely from all who participated in the delightful interview, Mary sat at the window, playing idly with the tasseling at the silken curtains, her proud spirit refusing the least intimations of sympathetic feeling. The brightness of her eye was undimed by any gathering tear—the loftiness of her carriage was not, for a moment, relaxed by the affecting scene before her; and when the minister said, "Let us pray!" she arose not from her seat, to bow with the rest, but remained still in her position of scornful unconcern, her delicate fingers toying with the silken fringe of the drapery before her. The minister poured out his soul in a fervent address to the throne of grace. O, how earnestly did he commit that family to the guardianship of Heaven!—referring to them in his supplications individually, and appropriately presenting them to the mercy of the Father, through the merit of the Son. But he offered no prayer for Mary. Unconcernedly and proudly, she still played with the silken toys. The prayer ceased, the good man arose. Taking each by the hand, he affectionately gave a parting admonition and invocation; and, bowing coldly to Mary, who as coldly returned his civility, he left the room and made his way to the entrance of the dwelling.

He had scarcely passed the threshhold, when the words of the redeemer, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," flashed upon his mind. Suddenly pausing, he said to himself, "Shall I refuse exertion for any soul, to save which my Master came down from heaven? Nay, God being my helper, I will return!"

Again he stood in the parlor. The family sat just as he left them, musing upon the things he had spoken. Mary was, to all appearance, still cold and unmoved.

With a courage imparted by the Holy Spirit, he walked to where she sat, and, taking her hand in his, said, "'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' Shall he save you?"

The rock was smitten! The waters gushed forth freely, and fast! Mary, proud and scornful as she seemed to be, needed only the word of invitation, to bow and weep, and pray. Then was heard the bitter cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Angels hovered over that little assembly, and ere the descending sun gave place to the gathering twilight, the shout of conversion ascended to the throne, and there was joy in heaven over the sinner that had repented.

It has been years since the above was related to us, and we do not know that it has ever been in print before. Its moral —which is twofold—is borne upon its very face. Mothers may learn from it never to despair; and ministers may learn from it never to falter.—(Methodist Protestant.

LINCOLN, ss. At a Court of Probate held at Thomaston, within and for the county of Lincoln, May 11th 1848—

REBECCA ALLEN, who is named executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of GIDEON ALLEN, late of St. George, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate, Ordered, That the said Rebecca Allen give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Gazette printed at Thomaston, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Thomaston in said County, on the 14th day of November next, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

NATHL. GROTON, Judge.

A true Record. Inspector.

Aug. 26, 1848 28 3w